THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The country at large will regret that the highly interesting Governor of Guam feels obliged to retire from his post. He has added to the gayety of nations while doing his work thoroughly and well.

In a number of our oldest and largest universities in the college circle a teacher is never addressed or spoken of as Presinent or Professor, but only as plain "Mister." It is "Mr. Eliot," "Mr. Hadley," not President Eliot or Hadley.

It is a cheerful spectacle to all right-minded persons to see modesty and decency and clean-mindedness throughout the country plucking up courage and standing boldly against indecency, which has won its way by sneering at all respect for delicacy and morality as "provincialism" and "Philistinism."

The New York Sun observes that there are no prospects for a "young fellow without a trade" in any of our new possessions. Those possessions are new to us; but they have been inhabited and civilized for as long a time as we have so there is no room there for the sort of man who helped more or less to develop our uninhabited West.

One of the chief products of Pennsylvania—coal—promises to become more valuable than the market rate now affords. At the mines in England it is to-day quoted at $1.46 per ton, as compared with $1.18 at the mines in the United States. Coal mining in the Old World is getting to be more expensive all the time by reason of scarcity, the English mines alone being the deepest in the world.

The Minneapolis Times, discussing the theory of municipal ownership, says: "The arguments on socialism, on purely theoretical grounds, are almost unassailable, but socialism is too advanced a theory to be practical at this stage of human development. Municipal ownership is a practical step toward socialism. While it presents great difficulties, they have been overcome in many cases. Difficulties are only a stimulant to an American. It is only a question of time when in many American cities the citizen will pay his telephone rent to the City Hall, as he now does his water tax."

According to a compilation made by the Land Office of the State of Washington, 15,858 square miles in the State were originally covered with merchantable timber—fur, cedar, hemlock and spruce. One-fifth of this area has been ravaged by fire, 23½ per cent. has been cut, and the remainder, or 9039 miles, is covered with standing timber. Upon this timbered area there is estimated to be standing 103,403,576,000 feet, board measure, which in itself is sufficient to supply the sawmills of the United States for four years under the present rate of cutting. By a comparative table the reports show that with the single exception of the red-wood forests of California, the forests of Washington are the densest, heaviest and most continuous in the United States. With the exception of a few prarie openings and where the timber has been removed by fire or the axe, they cover the country as a thick mantle from high up on the Cascade range westward to the shores of the Pacific.

Anybody who thinks that farming is not an exact science should read the marking list established by the Indiana Board of Agriculture for judging corn. We reproduce the essenlial points: "Uniformity of variety and exhibit, ten points. Purity of color in both grain and cob, seven points. Condition of marketableness, ten points. Perfection and uniformity of grain, three points. Length of ear, five points. Circumference of ear, five points. Straightness and regularity of rows of grains, ten points. Per cent. of grain, twenty-five points. A perfect ear of corn in the northern third of the State should be nine inches in length; in the central third, ten inches, in the southern third, eleven inches. The diameter as to length should be as one to four. The ear should yield ninety per cent. of grain. The ear should taper slightly, approaching the cylindrical to near the point. It should be well filled out at both ends, with rows of grain regular and straight." Nothing could be clearer or more severely precise.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid looks most profound.—Landor.

HALF WAY HOME.

BY THE LATE EMMA HERRICK WEED.

Do you remember the wayside nook
Under the lee of a laurel ledge,
With a wild dog-rose in the blackberry hedge,
And an elm that bent like a shepherd's crook,
And the story we read in a green-leaved book
With a buttercup border about its edge—
Where we stopped to rest in the shadows cool,
Half way home from school?

The lovely laurel! I see it now,
Like sunset spilled in a sky of gray!
And the regal trilliums, how they sway!
And the red azaleas simper and bow,
Like dancers that lead, scarce knowing how,
In the minuet that the wind-harps play.
Done for the day with lesson and rule—
Half way home from school.

The brook sang on with a sea-shell croon,
To the mermaid ferns with their long green hair:
And the sounds of summer were in the air,
In the yellow heart of the afternoon.
O days of pleasaunce! O days of June!
What after days can with you compare!
What draughts with the draughts from the sun-flecked pool,
Half way home from school!

Friend, dear friend! Let us turn aside
In the road that leads from the schoolhouse door:
We must be half way home or more,
Half way to dew-fall and eventide.
Let us stop in the shade where our paths divide,
In the sweet old way that we did of yore.
And we'll talk it over the way we've come
Resting, half-way home.

—New York Independent.

Gallant Little Hale Robbins.

By Charles Adams.

THAT true hero, Master Hale Robbins has nearly recovered from the wounds received last August in his remarkable battle with two white-headed eagles, accounts of which were published at the time in several Maine newspapers. But it makes one's heart ache to see the scars on the little fellow—great, blue, livid scars that go to the bone; eight on his face and scalp, eleven on his right arm and shoulder, six on the other arm, three down his back and several others—over thirty in all! This lad of ten is indeed a "battle-scarred veteran!" Some of the scars he will carry to his grave—eloquent evidence of the pluck with which he fought the big birds of prey.

But thanks to the boy's courage, his little sister Lois, in whose defence he made the fight, has but one light scar upon her cheek. The two or three red marks still visible on her hand and wrist, when contrasted with his wounds, show plainly how Hale took the aggressive and bore the brunt of the battle. The fight was fought to the finish. It was nearly an hour after the eagles first sweeped down that a last lucky blow of the corn-cutter brought the big female to the ground.

A local taxidermist has mounted this eagle, and no ornithological collection within my knowledge possesses a more savage specimen of Haliaetus lucocephalus. The wings, from tip to tip, spread fully six feet six inches.

The assault was not wholly unprovoked, although the children were not to blame for it. By ill luck, the birds had just been disturbed by the fall of one of their young from the nest in the great elm-tree.

The Robbinses live in a clearing on the St. Croix River, in eastern Maine. From their house to the district school the road is a long one for little six-year-old Lois Robbins, and for a mile and a half or more it traverses the forest. But up to the morning of the encounter the child had not missed a day of the summer term.

Hale had been his sister's trusty guardian ever since she was large enough to toddle out-of-doors, and the child needed a protector there, for it is a rather wild sort of country, not wholly free from wild animals. The boy appears to have had no uncertain or wavering sense of his fraternal responsibility. Ever since he was seven years old he had undertaken "never to come home without little sister."

That morning they set off for school just before eight o'clock. In addition to their dinner-pail and two books, they carried a light woven bushel basket and an old bush-hook, or corn-cutter, as they called it, because their father sometimes used it for cutting rows of sweet corn in the garden. The tool consisted of about fifteen inches cut from the point of a worn-out hay scythe, so inserted in a rude wooden handle that blade and handle stood at right angles with each other.

Grandma Robbins had asked Hale to stop on his way home from school at a swale near the run and cut a quantity of thoroughwort and snakehead, two herbs much prized by the old woman, which were then in flower, fit for gathering. The basket and cutting-hook were for this purpose, but the children were told not to take them to the schoolhouse, but to leave them at "Indian Jake's shanty," just beyond the swale. The Indian is their nearest neighbor, but at the time he happened to be away from home, guiding tourists at the lakes.

The eagle's nest was an object of constant interest to Hale, who often stopped to watch the birds come and go from the elm-tree, which stands on a bluff overlooking the river.

As the children came along that morning little Lois espied one of the eagles flying heavily to the tree, bearing a fish in its talons, taken perhaps from some fish-hawk on the neighboring lake. "Oh, look!" the child exclaimed, dropping the handle of the basket and pointing with her finger. "There's the old eagle going to the nest, and it's got a great thing in its feet!"

"It is going to feed the young ones," said Hale. "Now hark, and you'll hear 'em scream!"

The eagle bore the fish to the big nest in the tree-top, and immediately the peculiar whistling cries of the young were heard.

"Oh, I hear 'em squeam!" cried little Lois. "Don't they squeam high?"

It was a large fish, and perhaps life was not wholly extinct in it; when torn by the young beaks and talons, it may have given a spasmodic flop. This was probably the reason that one of the small birds was dislodged from its place in the nest and fell. An instant later, it caught by its talons on a small, low limb of the tree and hung there, swinging and screaming.

"One of 'em has tumbled out!" cried Hale, and boylike, he ran forward, followed by little Lois, both much excited; for the young bird was not more than twenty feet from the ground. Unable to fly as yet, it clung to the limb with its feet, flopping clumsily. Meantime, the parent eagle, after peering down from the nest, swooped past it, then rose. Another smaller eagle, too, the male bird, probably, appeared on the scene, and sailed around the tree.

The eaglet's screams excited the children greatly, and they approached nearer, to get a better view. Several times the parent bird swooped close beside the suspended eaglet, and rose as if to bear it aloft again; but the youngster clung obstinately and screamed continuously, while little Lois cried aloud, from sympathy or excitement. The noise seemed to rouse the ire of the old bird, and it swooped close to the heads of the children, snapping a wrathful, yellow beak, and uttering short, hoarse screams.

It came very close, flapping its great wings, and its savage eyes were so terrifying that Lois turned, crying, and ran back to where they had set down the bushel basket; but Hale caught up a stone and flung it high at the bird, shouting, "Keep off, old snapper-bill!"

Immediately the eagle swooped again, so near that its talons clutched the straw hat on the boy's head, and one pinion brushed his face. Thereupon he seized a dry hemlock bough, and facing the bird, which rose no more than thirty or forty feet in the air, struck at it as it swooped a third time. But the eagle descended with such force that Hale was knocked over; and this time one of its talons tore the brush from his hands, lacerating his right wrist.

Screaming fiercely, the bird rose, carrying the dry bough high in the air, while the boy, alarmed and hurt, ran backward to where little Lois stood. The other eagle swooped toward the children, but not close enough to strike with its claws.

Lois was now crying loudly and looking for some place to hide herself, but on the burnt land there is little cover.

While the female eagle was hovering above them, still holding the dry bough, the lad remembered the corn-cutter which was in the bushel basket along with the school-books and lunch-basket. He flourished it defiantly, shouting, "I'll cut your head off, old eagle!" and the morning sun may have cast a glint upward from the blade; for the female eagle, dropping the bough, swooped again more savagely than before.

This time one claw clutched the boy's head, tearing two deep scratches in his forehead, and pulling out a great deal of his hair. He was knocked down and cried out from the pain, but struggled bravely to his feet and faced the fierce bird, which was now hovering almost directly over his head, screaming and snapping with its beak. The other bird also stooped again, as it seconding the attack of its more formidable mate. The shrieks of the little girl only increased their exasperation.

If the boy had wavered, it would probably have proved fatal to one or both of the children. But Hale cried, "Stop that crying, Lo, and put the bushel basket over your head!" Bareheaded and bleeding himself, he gallantly faced the hovering bird and brandished the corn-cutter. Down it swooped on him again; but the little fellow, learning from experience, dodged aside and struck as the eagle shot past. He hit it with the point of the blade, and felt the sudden joy of striking home for the first time.

Enraged, the bird turned short in the air, screaming wildly, and dashed at him again. This time it fixed a talon in his back, knocked him off his feet, and dragged him till his clothing gave way. He fell hard upon some small loose stones, and for an instant lay prostrate—so frightening little Lois that she ran toward him, partly raising the basket off her head. One of the eagles swooped at the same moment, struck its claws into the basket, tearing it away, and wounding the child's face.

Her shriek of pain brought the dazed boy to his feet; but before he could strike, the eagle swooped again with great force. One claw buried itself in his upraised arm, and again he was dragged violently from his feet. The eagle, holding fast, with an angry scream, beat him hard with its wings, then sunk its hooked beak in his cheek.

Boy and bird fell and rolled over on the ground; but the boy grasped the bird's neck, and with his wounded arm dealt such blows as he could, and tore out handfuls of feathers until the eagle, struggling free from his grasp, rose a few feet. The relief was only for an instant, for the bird pounced down on him again, and yet again. The lad was thrown on his back, but kept on fighting, striking and kicking upward with both feet. The eagle, clutching his foot with its talons, dragged him for a number of yards, beating him terribly with its wings.

It was while being thus dragged, his eyes nearly blinded with blood, that the boy, striking for dear life's sake with the corn-cutter, drove the point of it into the eagle under its wing. For a little time the wound appeared ineffective. The bird let go its hold and rose, but instantly pounced down again, tearing away great strips of his clothing, which it soon let drop to pounce on him again.

The blood was pouring down Hale's face and he could hardly see; but whenever he discerned the shadow of the bird and felt the wind of its swoop, he kicked upward and struck out with the bush-hook. Cuts on the eagle's legs and head show that some of these desperate, random blows were effective. Again and again the eagle fell upon him. Had the male bird proved itself as fierce a fighter as its mate, neither of the children could have escaped.

At length the eagle alighted on the ground near by. It was much hurt and could no longer keep the air; but it still strutted unsteadily forward to renew the attack, screaming vindictively. Weak from the loss of blood, Hale could with difficulty get to his feet; but he used the corn-cutter as often as the bird approached within reach. After this manner they fought for half an hour, when the eagle beat a retreat, itself hardly able to walk, much less to fly away. The other bird had flown back to the nest.

Calling Lois to him and taking her hand, the lad now attempted to get up and go home with her, but found that he could not stand alone. Lois, who was not so badly hurt herself, was frightened at the terrible appearance of her brother, and at the strange way in which he kept falling down. She left him at length, and running all of the way home, told mother that the eagles had picked Hale's eyes out!—for Lois thought that he was blind.

Mrs. Robbins rushed to the place and found Hale sitting very soberly on a stone, a dreadful little object, not blind indeed, but very weak and hardly able to move on account of the stiffening of his wounds. His mother was obliged to carry him much of the way home.

The doctor, who was sent for and saw the boy late the following evening, found it necessary in dressing his wounds to take not less than thirty stitches.

Mr. Robbins, the father, found the female eagle the next day, "mumping" in a fir thicket near the river; it was too nearly dead to offer much resistance.—Youth's Companion.

City Man and Country Paper.

The homing instinct in the blood is felt by hard-headed, shrewd and practical men, engaged in business in great towns, and apparently free from inconvenient sentiment. Yet, though they scan their newspapers with keen and eager relish, they throw them aside when read, while some little sheet, not particularly well printed, and put together as if jumbled in a scrap-basket, is slipped into the pocket and carried home.

This is the country paper published up-country, and filled with intimate personal details, the pleasant and kindly neighborhood gossip which goes on at the postoffice and around the station when the train comes in. Here are familiar names; the story of life in a farming community related with minute care; the goings and comings of kindred and acquaintances; the sales, the purchases, the casualties, the changes, all chronicled without much art or skill, but with closest and most satisfactory realism.

The man may be a millionaire several times over, but he was once a boy on the farm, and he will be a subscriber to the little country 'paper as long as he lives.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Collier's Weekly.

Pleasing an Audience.

"No speaker," says Champ Clark, "can tell beforehand what effect his words are going to have on an audience. It's impossible for him to decide where his listeners are going to cheer or where they are going to hiss, or when they are going to keep quiet and wonder. I have spent weeks over a speech and had all the 'applause,' 'great applause,' 'long, loud and continued applause,' 'tumultuous applause,' etc., marked for the printer, only to have every calculation upset. Where I expected them to be with me they were against me, and where I was sure they would disagree with a statement they were howling frantically on my side. My best successes have been with extemporaneous talks—just getting up on the spur of the moment and hitting straight out for the point in view. If any orator can once learn to feel his way with an audience his fame is assured."—New York Press

CURIOUS FACTS.

An Arkansas woman and her seven children recently traveled to Minnesota on one ticket. The children were all within the prescribed age limit, there being two sets of twins.

On the eastern end of Cuba are springs in which the water is hot enough to boil an egg. There are vast caves, yet unexplored, on the island, that are supposed to lead under the sea.

In the Canary Islands people whistle instead of speaking when they hold converse with each other. The language is composed of words, as it were, like any other language, and the inhabitants attain great proficiency in it, so that they can converse on all sorts of subjects.

Lagrange, Ind., is the home of another freak mystery. This time it is an opossum farm, and the same efforts will be made to achieve as much success in this new industry as that of the skunk farm operated at Lagrange. The animals will be thoroughbred, and will form the nucleus of the new product. The location will be on the banks of Olive Lake.

One of the best-known natural curiosities is the petrified forest located near Calistoga Hot Springs, California. When discovered, in July, 1870, all the trees were lying upon the ground, broken into sections. The condition of the trees is attributable originally to volcanic action. The fossil wood was silicified when found, which was probably due to the presence of hot alkaline water that contained a solution of silica.

One of the most curious accidents ever known in the history of English railway traffic occurred recently near Goole. As a freight train from Hull to Liverpool was running at about forty miles an hour, a bale of wool fell off a car, with the result that the five cars following and the caboose were thrown off the rails. The track was damaged for a quarter of a mile, and considerable harm was done to a bridge over the Ouse.

The case of Private O'Leary, of the West Surrey Regiment, who arrived in the Nile, was extraordinary. On December 15 he was shot in the head, the bullet penetrating the brain and rendering him dumb and blind, while later paralysis set in on his left side. At Maritzburg Hospital, under the superintendence of Sir William MacCormac, he was operated on, the bullet being successfully extracted and an ounce of the brain and several pieces of the skull taken out. O'Leary afterward regained speech, and was able to see, and is regaining the use of his left leg. Sir William MacCormac termed it a marvelous recovery.

Within the City of Rio Janeiro.

The city of Rio Janeiro, Brazil, covers about nine square miles. It lies on a low plain between the mountains and the harbor extending back to and for some distance up the hill. The streets go up hill and down. They cross one and other at all sorts of angles, and the blocks are as many different shapes as those of Washington. The old part of the city is very narrow and quaint, some of the streets near the wharves being so low that they are flooded at every rain. Near here are the slums of the town, where yellow fever is rampant in summer and where the stranger almost takes his life in his hands to go through. Large families live here in one room and everything is squalid and dirty.

The city is so badly arranged as to sanitary matters in this section that the very stones breathe miasma. The sun never gets a fair chance at the streets for they are so narrow that when the street cars go through them they almot graze the sidewalk. The car drivers are no respecters of person, and a friend of mine here said that the numerous one-legged men of Rio have been made so not in the wars, but by losing their legs from the careless tram cars.

A little back from these slums and the warehouse section is a vast quarter in which the most of the business of Rio is done. This is also an old part of the city. Some of the houses are moss grown and they are almost all quaint and picturesque. Here you find the chief clubs, the most famous restaurants and the best shops. —Washington Star.

Courtship at Court.

If personal influence had any weight in preserving the peace of Europe there would have been no need for the Emperor of Russia's famous Rescript. The Tsarina, who has just attained her twenty-seventh year, is a German Princess and a daughter of the late Princess Alice, who was the third child of Queen Victoria, and she bears the name of Alix Victoria in compliment to her royal grandmother. At first there was great objection in Russian circles to the future Emperor marrying a German, but Nicholas had fallen in love and would look at no one else, so his family had to put the best possible face on the matter. It is said that the Czarewitch, in making the proposal, said, "The Emperor, my father, has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart." "My grandmother," replied the Princess, with many blushes, "has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand and heart." This was a model proposal, and we cordially commend it to the notice of bachelor readers whom it may concern.

There are now seventy crematories in Europe and America, of which twenty-seven are in Italy, twenty in the United States, six in Germany and four in England. Paris had 4513 incinerations last year.